

My Favorite Person in the World by Cookiemonster2000

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Cute, F/M, Funny, Happy Ending, No Smut, One-sided pining, i don't know what i'm doing lol, open for interpretation, platonic, romantic, romantic if you want, sad but then it becomes happy

Language: English

Characters: Barb Holland, Barbara "Barb" Holland, Carol (Stranger Things), Nancy, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Tommy (Stranger Things)

Relationships: Nancy/Barb, Nancy/Steve

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-07

Updated: 2017-11-07

Packaged: 2022-04-02 14:41:51

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,448

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

I got a suggestion to write a Barb/Nancy fic, so why not do an AU where Barb doesn't die?

My Favorite Person in the World

Author's Note:

If you've watched *Stranger Things*, nothing in this is anything new to you.

"How about this one?"

Nancy held up yet another a flowery blouse, but Barb wasn't paying much attention.

"Barb!" She shook it. "Way to zone out, jeez. What do you think of this one?"

Barb looked up. "Sorry, sorry. That one? What about it?"

"What do you mean, what about it?" Nancy shoved her best friend playfully. "Do you think Steve will like it?"

"Well, why wouldn't he like it?" Barb responded. "Let me check." Grabbing it from Nancy's hands, she held the shirt over her chest and struck a dramatic pose.

Nancy laughed. "No, actually, that one suits you more than it does me. Why don't you get it?"

"Oh, I can't get a new blouse." Barb's face was serious. "Steve might decide to go for me instead of you, honey. We can't risk it."

"Shut up!" Nancy giggled and shoved her again. "But you're right. I shouldn't get that one," she mumbled, turning back to the rack of clothes to browse some more.

"Hey, Nance." Barb's face changed. "You really want to impress Steve, don't you?"

"No. We're not really a thing. Not really."

Barb shot her a look. "Bullshit. He adores you."

Nancy didn't turn around, but Barb knew her well enough to know exactly what expression she was making. That hidden kind of half-smile, her eyes downcast.

"I'm just thinking.... maybe..."

Pause.

Maybe you shouldn't be so emotionally invested in a guy, especially *that* guy? Steve's kind of bad news, he doesn't get the best grades, he's just trying to get in your pants?

"Maybe you should get that one. It'd really suit your eyes."

Nancy turned and gasped. "That one's perfect! Yes!" She grabbed it

and hugged it tightly. "Thank you so much for coming with me Barb. See, this is why I keep you around!"

"I occasionally drop nuggets of fashion wisdom and help you hook up with guys?" Barb was incredulous.

"No, because I can always count on you to steer me straight! Let's pay for this and get out of here. We have to pick out my best pair of shoes next!"

With a spring in her step, Nancy walked over to the counter, smiling brightly. She was oblivious to Barb's face as the red-haired girl fell behind.

You can always count on me to steer you straight, huh? Unless I'm too afraid, huh?

...

Barb passed by the girl's bathroom, hearing sounds that either meant someone was plunging a toilet, or Nancy had just met with Steve. She sighed and rolled her eyes.

Why can't you see he's not good enough for you, Nancy?

...

Standing on the doorstep, Barb glanced down and was washed with annoyance as something caught her eye. "Is that a new bra?"

Nancy looked up at her with big blue eyes and feigned innocence. "Huh? No."

As Steve opened the door, Barb could feel the annoyance grow substantially. *We've been best friends for years. You don't think I can tell when you're lying?*

...

She was soaking wet and following Steve upstairs to the bedroom.

She was SOAKING WET and following Steve upstairs to the BEDROOM.

"You're smarter than this."

"Smarter than, what?"

"He wants to have sex with you. That's it." Barb fumed. "Come on, Nancy! Don't fall for this!"

"What is your deal, Barb?" Nancy was seriously miffed. "Why are you acting like this?"

Why was she acting like this? If Nancy wanted to be a slut, it was her choice. She really couldn't do anything about it. A part of her knew that and was telling her that.

'Just leave,' the voices in her head whispered. 'Nancy will be fine on her own. She loves this guy so much? She can have him. Nobody really cares about you. Get out of her way. You're alone. Leave her to do what she wants, because she obviously doesn't care about you.' For a half-second, she almost listened.

No.

"Nancy, you are not going to sleep with a guy who you've had a crush on for about a month and will probably leave you after he gets what he wants." she hissed. "You asked me to look out for you. This is your wake-up call. Don't lose your virginity to HIM." She jabbed a finger in Steve's direction, who was looking a bit affronted, but... maybe a bit ashamed?

"Steve, get her some dry clothes or a jacket. We're getting her home. Her mom would be pissed if she found out what you're trying to do to her, you realize that, right?"

Carol poked her head around the doorframe. Tommy wasn't far behind her. "What the hell's going on?" she giggled. "The nerd's flipping her shit!"

Nancy whirled at Carol, then turned back to Barb, obviously unable to decide who to be angry at. "Barb, come on! Why are you making such a big deal out of this?? You are NOT my MOTHER!"

Tommy and Carol snorted, and Barb took a step back.

What was she doing? Nancy was right. Who did she think she was?

"Fine."

She should just go out and wait for Nancy and Steve to finish so that Nancy could actually get home.

"You're right."

Barb turned and walked out the back door.

...

"Why did your friend come if she was just gonna yell at you the minute you tried to have a little fun?"

Carol and Tommy were laughing hysterically, and that made it even easier for Nancy to look Steve in the eye.

"No. Steve, she's right. I'm... I don't know what I'm doing. I think the alcohol is messing with my head." Nancy rubbed her temples. "I

brought her along as backup. I'm so selfish. She's gonna hate me." Steve glanced out the door, then at Carol and Tommy, then back at Nancy.

"Let's go get some food, ok? With Barb," he added quickly as Nancy opened her mouth.

"I'm starting to get this... gross feeling," he muttered as they pushed the door open.

Nancy glanced up at him. "Just... not tonight, ok?" He nodded, hiding his disappointment.

Barb was sitting on the diving board, all alone. The sight gave Nancy a pang in her chest. "Steve, stay here by the door, ok? I have to talk to her."

Steve shrugged. Nancy walked over to her best friend.

"Barb, I'm sorry. I was being stupid. You're right. Steve's gonna take us to get some food, and we can all just talk and hang out. Is that ok?"

Barb looked up slowly. Her face was tearstained. "Really? You want me to come?" She sniffed bitterly. "I thought I wasn't that important, compared to your new boyfriend."

"He is not my boyfriend." Barb was surprised by the intensity of Nancy's words. "And if he wants to be, he better not act out tonight at the Kentucky Fried Chicken."

Barb hiccupped. "You're serious?"

Nancy squeezed Barb's hand, and looked her in the eyes. "You—not any guy—are my favorite person in the world. I chose you, not them, back in middle school. A temporary insanity due to underage alcohol consumption is not gonna change that. Please forgive me?"

Barb's eyes lit up. "Yeah. We're going to Kentucky Fried Chicken?"

Nancy waved to Steve. "She's on board! Let's get some dry clothes on, then get the hell out of here!"

As they climbed off the diving board, Barb noticed her finger was still bleeding heavily under the wrap. "I need another bandage." she said. While Nancy changed in the downstairs bathroom, Steve helped Barb change her bandage.

...

It was a good thing that Barb remembered to call Nancy and her respective mothers, because when they arrived at the Wheeler home, Nancy's mother was in a good mood. She also demanded that Barb

stay over.

"Will, Mike's friend, disappeared earlier this week," she stated. "You shouldn't drive around at night alone. It's not safe. Tomorrow you can go to school together."

"You've left enough clothes over here from our sleepovers over the years to dress you for a week. It's fine!" Nancy prodded good-naturedly.

...

Barb was lying on Nancy's bedroom floor on a blanket, staring up at the dark ceiling. She couldn't fall asleep. "Nancy?"

"Mmm?" Nancy was still awake, too, evidently.

"Did... did you really mean what you said on the diving board?"

"What did I say that you think wasn't true?" Nancy was genuinely curious.

"About... me being your favorite person in the world." She was blushing from embarrassment.

Nancy turned over to look at Barb in the eyes. "Of course I meant that. I don't know what I'd do without you. You're much better than some guy, Barb."

Barb smiled and turned over. "I love you, Nancy."

"Love you, too. Goodnight."

Author's Note:

So, I hope you enjoyed my first fanfic ever! I love Stranger Things. That season two, amiright? I love single mom/big brother Steve Harrington. Damn, he had a total turnaround. If you have any suggestions for oneshot fics, I am very open, though I reserve the right to turn down suggestions for any reason (obviously). My tumblr is yo-girl-time-to-die.tumblr.com. Have a nice day!! :D